The Centre Reporter.

OLD SERIES,, XL.
NEW SERIES XXI.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY. APRIL 12, 1888.

NO. ~~15~~

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR.

Jacob Sharp, the big New York briber, out of prison on bail for a new trial, is dead.

Hastings as a delegate to Chicago, of course will have the nursing of the Beaver boomlet for President.

Mrs. Mary D. Lowman has been elected Mayor of Oskaloosa, Ks. The newly elected council are also women.

Relative to a delegate to the Chicago convention the Centre county Republicans did some Hastydings, last Saturday.

The Republicans carried Rhode Island last week. We will bet a chaw of tobacco that the Republicans will carry Lancaster county next fall.

The City of Brotherly Love is bound to be sweet. Claus Spreckles has selected it for the location of his $5,000,000 sugar refinery. A plum like that would make Centre Hall boom and bloom with sweetness.

With Cameron a candidate for President a Beaver boom would not bloom nor thrive in Pennsylvania. We are inclined to think the other fellows have an idea that Beaver had better be rolled up in tissue paper and laid aside. Cameron rules the ranch.

If the Mills tariff reform bill passes congress, which seems to be a foregone conclusion, a new insane asylum will have to be built to take charge of the Philad. *Press*, as there is no institution of the kind, just now, large enough to hold all the insanity and madness of the *Press*.

Men of real merit are always in the public eye and they do not need to bother friends with continually having newspapers print resolutions telling of their greatness. Whenever you notice anything of the kind you invariably find a little demagogue at the bottom trying to attract attention.

David N White, ex-editor of the Pittsburg *Gazette*, and said to be the founder of the Republican party, died at his home in Sewickley, near Pittsburg, Sunday morning. He was born in 1805.

Had he not founded the party aforesaid he might have lived a decade longer, a troubled conscience undoubtedly shortened his days.

It is a cause of complaint among some Republicans over here, that one wing of their party is run, or attempted to be run, by a scaly Democrat, over which they feel humiliated. Better be run their party, or a wing of it, than the Democratic party which will not be run by any such trash. Are any of the rads hard up for some one to run 'em?

The Republicans of our county had a lively time over the choice of a delegate to the Chicago convention. The contest was between Adj. Gen. Hastings, of Bellefonte, and Mr. Wigton, of Philipsburg. The county was closely canvassed and the faithful of the g. o. p., were button holed in every nook and corner. Hastings won the day by considerable odds.

The Senate in secret session removed the injunction of secrecy from the report of the committee on Foreign Relations on the British extradition treaty. The report embodies the proposed treaty. The treaty includes in extraditable crimes manslaughter, burglary, embezzlement, or larceny of the value of $50, and malicious injuries to persons or property by the use of explosives or obstructions to railways whereby life is endangered.

In the western part of the State the mining situation in the mountain regions is in an unsettled condition, and the indications point to a total suspension of operations before a great while. The operators, it is said, have decided upon a ten per cent. reduction all around. This move is regarded as necessary, for the reason that for the past three weeks they have been selling coal on the tipple at a reduction of twenty cents per ton over former prices. The 2,000 miners threaten to strike if any reduction is attempted.

In Pittsburg, on Saturday Judge Ewing handed down the list of licenses granted or refused Pittsburg saloonists and wholesale dealers, and a three-weeks' agony is over. Although the saloonists had anxiously awaited the news, it sounded in their ears like a death knell when it came. The number of saloons in the city before the Brooks law was passed was between 1,400 and 1,500. This number has been reduced to 223, with the possibility of a few more being granted. The number of applications 720, of which 223 were granted, 446 refused, 36 held over for further consideration, 8 have yet to be heard, and 7 were withdrawn.

AWAY WITH THE WAR TARIFF.

[New York Commercial Advertiser Rep.]

There is no public necessity whatever for continuing the burdensome and inequitable war tariff. It enriches the few at the expense of the many, and not only does the government not need the revenue which it produces, but that revenue is a positive inconvenience and danger to the government and the country. The treasury is glutted to the bursting point with an annual surplus of more than $100,000,000, which is the same as stolen out of the pockets of the citizens, and which is not only useless, but constitutes a constant temptation to extravagance in the shape of Blair educational bills, and public buiding bills, and river and harbor bills, and so forth.

TRUSTS AND WORKINGMEN.

One example will show how a trust injures workingmen. When the salt duty was very high the Michigan and Syracuse salt monopolies hired the Great Kanawha salt works in West Virginia to stand idle. That is to say, the salt trust paid the owners of these works a fixed sum per year to make no salt. They did not pay the men who had found employment in these works a cent. The workmen were turned out neck and heels to shift for themselves. But the capitalist owners of the works were paid handsomely. That is how a trust affects workingmen and protects capitalists.

There are three Victorias of three successive generations thus named troubling Europe just now. There is Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, who is about to enter on the seventieth year of her age. There is her daughter Victoria, the Empress of Germany, who is forty-eight years old. There is this last named Victoria's youthful daughter, Princess Victoria, whose mother is an Empress, and whose two grandmothers are an Empress and an ex-Empress. These three Victorias have made up their minds that the Princess Victoria shall wed the Prince of Battenberg. They are determined to break down every barrier that can be raised against the match. The Czar of Russia may dislike it, the mighty Bismark disapprove of it, and the powerful classes of Germany stand out against it; but the three Victorias are not to be outwitted or controlled in the matter. Their purpose is fixed, and each of them is possessed of a strong will in pursuit of it. Questions of State policy may be thrust aside in the court of love, and the peace of nations may be imperilled for the sake of a happy match. It was evident from the first that the three Victorias would carry the day. The Prince of Battenberg has won the support of the eldest of them and her daughter, both Empresses, and he has won the heart of the youngest of them. Such a combination, thus in harmony bound, what or who can resist?

Here is a common sense view of the tariff:

The man who would say that his neighbor must patronize any especial clothing or dry goods store or grocery in this city would be called a fool. The man who would undertake to compel the employment of any particular person would be called an idiot. Yet this is precisely what the prohibitive tariff contemplates. In operation it does this very thing. In consequence those whom it compels to patronize become disproportionately wealthy. This creates monopoly, and makes fair play a mockery. The big tariff is only an application of methods pointed out above to which people would not submit in private transactions. Neither should they submit to the discrimnating laws of the Government. They should make resistance with their ballots in such manner as to force a change, a right about in the interest of fair play and honesty.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the great iron manufacturer, of Pittsburg, has proposed a new plan of settlement to some of his striking workingmen. He suggests that the workmen and the firm employing them shall agree upon a plan whereby wages shall be regulated by the price of products. Each side shall select an accountant to examine the sales and see what the selling price of the firm has been for the past month. If it is found that the price has increased, wages are to be advanced correspondingly, and vice versa, in accordance with the operation of the scale as agreed upon. The accountants are to make sworn statements, and the scale is to be adopted from year to year. This plan will doubtless work well enough as long as business is good and wages are maintained on the same basis, but the difficulty will come when trade is depressed and the rate of wages goes below a living standard. Workingmen can easily stand the gains of business, but how will it be when it comes to the losses?

When the presidential campaign has closed, next fall, the Republicans will find themselves hurt and say: They didn't know it was loaded.

MINERS TALKING STRIKE AGAIN.

News comes from Hazleton that a strike on a new basis is talked of among the miners who recently returned to work. It is now proposed to strike at one colliery at a time. It is proposed to order out the men at only one colliery; then, when the company is defeated, order the men to strike at another colliery. In this way each individual operator would be loser, while the men would have nothing to lose, as they could find work at some other colliery or be supported by the large army of their brothers at work.

PENNSYLVANIA'S FARM WEALTH

The statistician of the agricultural department at Washington has just issued some figures of interest relative to the distribution and consumption of corn and wheat, which show the following as to Pennsylvania: The corn crop of the state for 1887 was 44,905,000 bushels; stock on hand March 1, 14,818,650 bushels, or 33 per cent.; consumed in the country where grown, 39,965,450 bushels, 89 per cent.; shipped out of the country where grown, 4,939,550 bushels, or but 11 per cent.

The proportion and value per bushel and total value of merchantable and unmerchantable corn was as follows:

Merchantable, 38,618,300 pushels value, $21,626,248; unmerchantable, 6,286,700 bushels, value, $1,886,010.

For wheat the following are the figures:

Crop of 1887, 13,785,000 bushels; stock on hand, 4,824,750 bushels, or 35 per cent. consumed in country where grown, 8,271,000 bushels, or 60 per cent.; shipped out of country where grown, 5,514,000 bushels, or 5 per cent.

The English government is deeply concerned in regard to the Berlin crisis.

They fear the growing irritation in Germany against the Empress and her mother, Queen Victoria, will extend to the British nation, resulting in the destruction of the cordial relations now existing between the two empires.

It is stated that Lord Salisbury has begged the Queen to desist from interfering in the controversy over the marriage of Prince Alexander and Princess Victoria.

The *Times'* correspondent at Berlin hears that the difficulty between the Emperor and Prince Bismarck, arising from the proposed marriage of Prince Alexander of Battenberg and Princess Victoria, has been smoothed over, and the prospect is that the question of the marriage will be shelved.

James Bailey, of Shamokin, has fallen heir to $1,600,000, left to him by the death of his uncle, William Constein Munsun, of Newport, Eng. Bailey has a wife and seven children to take care of. For the past four months he has missed many a meal to appease the hunger of the little ones. He went on strike with the rest of the Philadelphia and Reading miners in January, and, through a misunderstanding, did not secure his place when the strike was declared off. Failing to obtain work at the collieries he was compelled to seek aid from the poor district. Saturday morning he received a letter from an attorney in England informing him of his lucky windfall.

At St. Peter the Minnesota river broke over its banks on Sunday and is flooding the bottom lands east of the city. Everything for miles has been submerged. No serious damage has been done thus far except to the long bridge leading to the Omaha depot. The river is nearly over the Omaha tracks, and is within a couple of feet of the high water mark reached in 1881. The ice has moved out and is reported gorged a few miles down the river.

A dispatch from Albert Lea, Minn., says: The rain storms the last three days, together with the great thaw, have caused the greatest floods in Fountain and Albert Lea lakes and the Shell Rock river, known since the country was settled.

Fighting has occurred between the Spanish garrison at Sooloo and the natives of the Sooloo Islands, in which the Spaniards lost ten killed and seventy wounded and the natives 200 killed. Among the Spanish killed and wounded were several officers.

Dr. Chopin, the man who has nine wives living, was brought to the penitentiary at Columbus. He attempted to commit suicide in jail at Findlay by cutting his throat with a dull case knife. He lacerated his throat badly, but he will recover.

It is stated to-day that Prince Bismarck has abandoned his opposition to the marriage of Prince Alexander of Battenberg and Princess Victoria, having gained certain other concessions, and that all the differences between the Emperor and Prince Bismarck are now settled.

If you have pimples, boils, salt rheum, rough skin, etc., take "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher." Sold by all druggists. ap.

FREE WOOL.

In the cold climate of the Northern States woolen clothing, blankets, bedding and carpets will cost the family of the average workingman or farmer at least $60 per annum for each member—an expense that could be met with $40 each if wool were on the free list and duties on woolens were reduced one-third, as they might be with great advantage both to manufacturers and consumers. The policy of free wool is a distinct and great benifit for the Northern States, where woolen goods constitute a prime necessity. With free wool and the duties reduced one-third the 40,000,000 of people north of Mason and Dixon's line would save $160,000,000 a year on their woolen wear, blankets and carpets, and get better goods for their money.

Mr. Nelson, a Republican congressman, from Minnesota, took the floor the other day in favor of tariff reform.

It was not honest, he said, to call men who favored tariff reduction free traders. The men who opposed all forms of tariff reduction were not the only friends of American Labor, nor were they the only guardians of American enterprise. The question of protection or free trade was not fairly involved in the problem congress had to solve. The question was by extravagant expenditures or whether the taxes should be reduced. The great body of the people were agreed that the surplus should be reduced by a reduction of taxation.

The next question presented was, whether that reduction should be applied to the tariff or internal revenue taxes. He sent to the clerk's desk and had read a letter received by him from Charles A. Pinnbary, of Minnesota, who, he stated was a prominent Republican, warmly commending his course in congress upon the tariff question, and declares that 90 per cent of the Democrats and 75 per cent. of the Republicans of Minnesota agreed with him in his views. The reading of the letter was applauded on the Democratic side. He also sent to the clerk's desk and had read extracts from Minnesota newspapers and private letters to himself favoring tariff revision. The reading was also received with great applause.

Mr. Nelson next quoted Western Republican platforms declaring in favor of reduction in the tariff at an early day, and added, amidst the laughter and applause of the Democrats. "And now my friends, is the appointed time." Continuing, he said that even as stiff a protectionist as Senator Sherman had been forced, at a meeting of the House Market Club at Boston, to admit the necessity of tariff revision and to declare in favor of the admission free of duty of such raw material and articles as did not compete with domestic products. In the face of these platform pledges and these admissions, in the face of the great and growing surplus taken from the people and used by certain banks, without consideration therefore it made him sick at heart to think that there were leading men on his side of the chamber who at this juncture could not think of any other field for tax reduction than on whisky and topacco. Surely these were not the things on which the poor laboring man kept his family. Would it not be better to give them cheaper clothes and food and shelter? He would put free sugar, free salt and free lumber against free whisky and tobacco, and so would the great mass of American people.

The Vermont Republicans last week declared in favor of Blaine for President. If some one don't lay a big rock on Blaine he will get into the presidential race in spite of his letter of declination.

Old Bismark is interfering with royal love affairs in Germany and has his Dutch up very muchly because Alexander wants to marry Victoria.

The Republicans of Wisconsin are for Gresham, for President. Gresham is a tariff reformer.

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WM. WOLF & SON have received a new stock of Wall Paper, some beautiful patterns, and at prices about fifty per cent. less than heretofore. See their styles before you buy. Remember they are only half the price of last year.

Wall Paper.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—THE ANnual meeting of the stockholders of the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Company will be held at the office of the company, No. 233 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa., on Monday, May 7, 1888, at 11½ o'clock, a. m. Election for president and directors same day and place.

JAMES R. McCLURE, Secretary.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

An Interesting Story in Which Senator Dawes Is a Leading Character—An Old-Time Friend Who Became a Claimant on His Bounty.

[Special Correspondence.]

Senator Dawes is one of the nicest old men in Congress. He is now seventy-two years of age, and his burden of years has made him slightly stoop-shouldered and gray-haired. He is one of the most vigorous, painstaking and thorough committee workers in the Senate. He goes over every item of legislation coming before him carefully, and always knows how much it is and the reason for it, when afterwards debate in the Senate calls that particular item into question. Although he has always been a poor man he is generous to the last dollar. Probably no man in the Senate has lived so closely up to his salary as Mr. Dawes, and he has always endeavored by literary work and some legal practice to eke out his salary in order to make both ends meet. He gives away every year four or five times the entire amount of his own personal expenditures.

This winter for the first time Mr. Dawes has been unable to endure the strain of travel home to Massachusetts to attend to the few law cases in which he is retained as counsel. He feels that the time has come when he must spare himself and measure his strength carefully for all the various duties that call upon him.

A very funny story has lately come to my knowledge in regard to Senator Dawes and his habits of generosity. A few months ago the door-bell of his boarding-place on M street rang late one night, and the Senator himself responded. On the steps he found a tall, lean, shivering old man clad in a threadbare broadcloth coat, very poorly calculated to shield him from the biting

"WHO WILL TIE MY NECK-TIE?"

November wind. One sleeve was empty; his face was pinched and yellow and the picture of hunger and sorrow.

The blue eye of the Massachusetts Senator studied the old man a minute, and then with a sudden start Mr. Dawes exclaimed:

"Why, John, is that you?"

"Yes, Henry, I am here, what there is left of me."

In a moment the two old men were seated by the blazing hearth, and the stranger rubbed his bony knuckles on the arm of his chair and shivered and shrugged his shoulders as the generous heat drove the cold out of his marrows, while the two men exchanged their stories. They had been in college together at Yale; were room-mates, friends, chums. Both had been poor all their lives; but one was successful in public honors and the other was a failure in every thing.

John had been a soldier, but somehow lacked the stamina to rise from the ranks, and had come out of the war minus an arm and completely broken down in health by a ten months' sojourn in Southern prisons.

The twenty odd years since the close of the great struggle had been spent in a desperate battle from day to day to keep body and soul together.

Finally, like a wreck on the sea, he had drifted to the door of his old friend and college-mate.

"Henry," said the one-armed veteran at length, his voice trembling, "can you give me a place to sleep to-night? If you don't I shall have to go to the station."

"Of course, John," said the Senator, and in a few minutes Mrs. Dawes had been summoned and a bright fire was burning in a spare room ready for the old man's occupancy. From that night on for over three months John was an inmate of the Senator's family; every thing was done for him that could be done; his room was warmed at night, his post-prandial cigar was furnished him; Mrs. Dawes tied his necktie, brushed up the dingy old coat, and Miss Anna knit him new socks and sewed on his shirt buttons. The poor old fellow never had so much attention shown him in all his days; but, like old men of his stamp who have drifted up and down the world without the self-reliance or resolution to better their condition, he was essentially a pauper.

He had lost all ambition, all sense of manly independence, and his only desire was to toast his toes at the grate, enjoy his cigar, get a cushioned seat in the gallery of the Senate, have a pleasant after-dinner chat with the Senator and at night lie down in a soft and warm bed. In time it gradually began to dawn on the Massachusetts Senator's mind that however worthy his old comrade might be, and however willing he himself was to support him, there must some time come an end to his act of charity, both in justice to himself and family and to the object of his kindness as well, so one day when he and John were alone he gently broached the subject of a change of quarters.

"I will do all I can for you, John, up to the limit of my means, which, as you know, are not very great. I will gladly give you the money to pay your board at some modest boarding-house until spring opens, then, if possible, I will try and get you employment. You know it is not so easy for me now to get you a Government position as it once was. I doubt if you can get a place under the Government any way. We will try something else."

A pained look passed over John's face, but he said nothing, except to bow his head in assent. A few days later a young Lieutenant in the army, a friend of the Senator, was at the house and without any appearance of pre-arrangement suggested a very modest little boarding-place for John, and the upshot of the call was that it was arranged that the next day the Lieutenant should escort the old man to his new home, see him installed there, and explain to the landlady that Senator Dawes would pay the board bill. Promptly to his agreement the Lieutenant came and John went away with him. The new boarding-place was kept by a very excellent old Irish lady upon Sixth street, pretty well out of town, in a locality inhabited by poor but respectable people of all sorts. The houses were not to be compared, of course, with that in which Senator Dawes boards, nor were they quite so promising of good cigars and well-set tables. Mrs. O'Brien came to the door herself, the introduction was made, and, for the first time, John opened his lips to express his own views of the change.

"Lieutenant," he said, "I really don't think I had better remain here with Mrs. O'Brien. Between you and me there are many reasons why I am very well pleased at the Senator's. He and I are old friends and you know I am rather helpless with my one hand, and Mrs. Dawes and Miss Anna are very kind to me. For instance now, who on earth will tie my neck-tie?"

The objection nearly paralyzed the Lieutenant and put his ingenuity to a severe strain. It was some moments before he could even recover his speech. And then in a very firm and military tone he advised

"IS THAT YOU, JOHN."

the old veteran to stay with Mrs. O'Brien until he could get time to consult with the Senator and see what other arrangement might be made. So with a resigned air John went up to his room. Early the next day he appeared at the Senator's house and made his plea for a change of quarters. He has done so several times since, but he is still a member of Mrs. O'Brien's household and his board bills are promptly paid by the Senator.

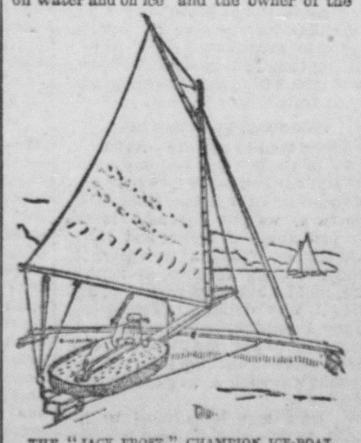
NORD.

ICE-YACHTING.

The Monarch of Winter Sports—A Little Spiced with Danger, but Still a Delightful Recreation.

Ice-yachting is the monarch of winter sports in this region. The frozen Hudson affords a superb track for that winged and steel-shod racer, the ice-yacht, which here reaches its highest development and makes its most marvelous records. A first-class Poughkeepsie ice-yacht will spread nearly a thousand feet of canvas and sail a mile a minute; while crack boats like the *Northern Light* or *Jack Frost* think nothing of going over a twenty-four mile course, tacking all the way, and making more than twice the actual distance.

The sport is a glorious one, full of excitement and exhilaration at all times, and particularly so when there are ice-cracks to be jumped. If the "crack" is practicable—that is to say, not more than six or eight feet across—the bold skipper of the ice-yacht has only to "hold hard, and head her for it." She usually makes it, alighting with a clanging shock on the other side, and skimming on as if nothing had happened. Sometimes, however, there is a spill, and once in a while a "ducking." Mr. Archibald Rogers, a well-known yachtsman, both on water and on ice and the owner of the



THE "JACK FROST," CHAMPION ICE-BOAT.

Bedouin, relates how once in a race he attempted a crack almost as broad as it was long, plumped into the water, went completely under, but struck a lower stratum of ice, rebounded to the surface, and gained the opposite side of the fissure in safety.

Being speedily frozen stiff, however, his ardor was temporarily chilled, and he lost the race. Very funny for the spectators, too, though a serious matter for the owner and for the people on the ice, is a runaway. When the wind is high, a yacht will occasionally throw out its navigator, and start off wildly on its own hook. Then there is a general scattering in all directions, though it is usually safer to stand still, for nobody can tell what eccentric curve the unpiloted machine will take in its mad course. Valuable boats have been wrecked in this manner, though we have never heard of any loss of life.—*Leslie's*.

Story of a Backslider.

"Corkins," said McStab, "what has become of Lickladder, who used to practice law down in Babylon? I haven't heard of him for years."

"He went out to Los Angeles, Cal., reformed, got to be the superintendent of a mission Sunday-school, and quit the law business. He said he couldn't conscientiously run a law office and a Sunday-school, too," replied Corkins.

"What is he doing now?"

"Last time I heard from Lickladder he was managing a Los Angeles real-estate office."

"Was he still a reformed and conscientious man?"

"McStab," said Corkins, with disgust, "you fatigue me very much."—*Chicago Tribune*.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

Reformation of Evil Habits.

"When shall I awake, I will seek it yet again."—Prov. 23 : 35.

WITH an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped

ASIDE FROM THE PATH

of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for something better, he says: "When shall I awake? when shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by uneradicated habit, and forced down-hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more."

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck; suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already gone astray,

HOW IS HE TO GET BACK?

That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this evening to such. There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear this discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incarcerated. Now, if there be any in this house, come with an earnest purpose, yet feeling they are beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, and that the sermon can hardly be expected to address them, then, at this moment, I give them my right hand and call them brother. Look up. There is glorious and triumphant hope for you yet. I sound the trumpet of Gospel deliverance. The Church is ready to spread a banquet at your return, and the hierarchs of heaven to fall into line of bannered procession at the news of your emancipation. So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are the obstacles to your return, and how to surmount those obstacles.

THE FIRST DIFFICULTY

in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth anything which you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier to go down than it is to go up; it is easier to do wrong than it is to do right. Call to mind the comrades of your boyhood days—some of them good some of them bad. Which most affected you? Call to mind the anecdotes that you have heard in the last five or ten years—some of them are pure and some of them impure. Which the more easily sticks to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed certain courses of conduct—some of them good, some of them bad. To which style of habit did you the more easily yield? Ah! my friends, we have to take but a moment of self-inspection to find out that there is in all our souls a force of moral gravitation. But that gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a soul fallen may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward heaven. Force of moral gravitation in every one of us, but power in God's grace to overcome that force of moral gravitation.

The next thing in the way of your return is *the power of evil habit.* I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I do believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication. He knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property, ruining him body, mind, and soul. If that man, being an intelligent man, and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down-stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn

THE BOAT UP STREAM,

is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations in our hearts and our bad habits, we are sailing down-stream; but the moment we try to turn, we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara, and try to row up stream. Take a man given to the habit of using tobacco, as most of you do, and let him resolve to stop, and he finds it very difficult. Twenty-one years ago I quit that habit, and I would as soon dare to put my right hand in the fire as once to indulge in it. Why? Because it was such a terrible struggle to get over it.

Now, let a man be advised by his physician to give up the use of tobacco. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a line of figures. He cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has tried to stop smoking! After a while he says, "I am going to do as I please. The doctor doesn't understand my case. I'm going back to the old habit."

And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has gone back to smoking. Oh, the fact is, as we all know in our own experience, that

HABIT IS A TASK-MASTER;

as long as we obey it, it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion whips, and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking Juggernauts. During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night, and tossed over the Falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond all description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids, and through the awful night of temptation, toward the eternal plunge. Oh, how hard it is to arrest them! God only can arrest them.

Suppose a man, after five or ten or twenty years of evil-doing resolves to do right. Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries: "God help me!" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clenches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the windows of a wine store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with an inflamed, tantalizing, and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but he is riding a monster, wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death leap.

How many there are who resolve on a better life, and say: "When shall I awake?" but seized on by their old habits, cry: "I will try it once more; I will seek it yet again!" Years ago, there were some Princeton students who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the company back from the air-hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the place. But one young man with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out: "One round more!" He swept around, and went down, and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. It is the one round more.

I have also to say that if a man wants to return from evil practices,

SOCIETY REPULSES HIM.

Desiring to reform, he says: "Now, I will shake off my old associates, and I will find Christian companionship." And he appears at the church door some Sabbath day, and the usher greets him with a look as much as to say: "Why, you here? You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this seat right down by the door." Instead of saying: "Good morning; I am glad you are here. Come; I will give you a first-rate seat, right up by the pulpit." Well, the prodigal, not yet discouraged, enters a prayer-meeting, and some Christian man, with more zeal than common sense, says: "Glad to see you; the dying thief was saved, and I suppose there is mercy for you."

THE YOUNG MAN, DISGUSTED,

chilled, throws himself on his dignity, resolved he will never enter into the house of God again. Perhaps not quite fully discouraged about reformation, he sides up by some highly respectable man he used to know, going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street. Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation; instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand, he offers him the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand, which is *equal to striking a man in the face!* Oh, how few Christian people understand how much force and gospel there is in a good honest hand-shaking! Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt thrilling through every fibre of your body, mind, and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against

REPULSIONS INNUMERABLE.

We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is, we must keep our respectability, though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there come to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, people almost throw up their hands in horror, as much as to say: "Isn't it shocking?" How these *dainty, fastidious Christians* in all our churches are going to get into heaven, I don't know, unless they have an especial train of cars, cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with the great horde of publicans and sinners.

Oh! ye who curl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I tell you plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured, and the refined, and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch, covered with filth and abomination. It is not because you are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you that brought up in Christian circles and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the fallen?

I think men also are often hindered from return by the fact that churches are too anxious about their membership and too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up his sin and return to God, and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of a church he is going to join. Oh, my friends, it is

A POOR TIME TO TALK

about Presbyterian catechisms, and Episcopal liturgies, and Methodist lovefeasts, and baptisteries to a man that is coming out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the Gospel. Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a life-boat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man out of the boat: "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live on my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk about the non-essentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins, if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? Oh! you ought to have, my brother, an illumined face and hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way. Take hold of the same book with him, though his dissipation shake the book, remembering that "he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way; but I am now to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps, and how

THE SHACKLES MAY BE UNRIVETED,

and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God. Go to him frankly and earnestly, and tell him these habits you have, and ask Him if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go with a long rigmarole people call prayer, made up of "Ohs," and "Ahs," and "forever and ever, amen!" Go to God and cry for help! help! help! and if you cannot cry for help, just look and live. I remember, in the late war, I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals after the battle, and said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord, and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh, it is no small thing, when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around him, and says: "Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true, and cannot believe it, and looks up in God's face, God lifts His right hand and takes an oath, an affidavit, saying: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Blessed be God for such a disciple as this! "Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God, there is

A FULL LOAF FOR EVERY ONE

that wants it! Bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table. I remember when the Master Street Hospital, in Philadelphia, was opened during the war, a telegram came, saying: "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night; be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows. As they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or from Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags the most gently, and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, to quit all your bad associations.

ONE UNHOLY INTIMACY

will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the Church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed. Go home to-day, open your desk, take out letter paper, stamp and envelope, and then write a letter something like this:

"My old companions: I start this day for heaven. Until I am persuaded you will join me in this, Farewell."

Then sign your name, and send the letter by the first post. Give up your bad companions or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man, nor five bad companions, nor three bad companions, but one. What chance is there for that young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, halting in front of a grog shop, urging him to go in, he resisting, violently resisting, until after a while they forced him to go in? It was a summer night and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also, seek Christian advice. Every Christian man is bound to help you. If you find no other human ear willing to listen to your story of struggle, come to me and I will by every sympathy of my heart, and every prayer, and every toil of my hand, stand beside you in the struggle for reformation; and as I hope to have my own sins forgiven, and hope to be acquitted at the Judgment seat of Christ, I will not betray you. First of all seek God, then

SEEK CHRISTIAN COUNSEL.

Gather up all the energies of body, mind and soul, and appealing to God for success, declare this day, everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gaming practices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing: it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now, and you are lost. Push on, and you are saved. A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote on a rock near which he was dying; "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of Ages: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Oh! what glorious news it would be for some of these young men to send home to their parents in the country. They go to the post-office every day or two to see if there are any letters from you. How anxious they are to hear! Nothing would please them half so much as the news you might send home to-morrow that you had given your heart to God. I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack through which bursts the trusses of hay. The horses just having frisked up through the meadow at the night fall, stand knee-deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The porch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under the feathers. In

THE OLD FARM HOUSE AT NIGHT

no candle is lighted, for the flames clap hands about the great backlog, and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour, saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of. After a while the father breaks the silence and says: "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town to-night?" And the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you; we always could trust him when he was home, and since he has been away there have so many prayers offered for him we can trust him still." Then at eight o'clock—for they retire early in the country—at eight o'clock they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian soldier: "What was the proudest moment of your life?" He thought a moment, and said:

THE PROUDEST MOMENT

of my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents in the country that you have conquered your evil habits, by the grace of God, and become eternal victor.

Oh! despise not parental anxiety. The time will come when you have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer.

DEAD! DEAD!

And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think, and wish that you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name. *God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart.* Better if he had never been born—better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands, and crying: "Mother! mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past, and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God. May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever.

BEATING ROTHSCHILD.

A Porcelain Service That Was Cheap at Any Price.

Among the various admirable productions of taste which the guests of Baron Rothschild never fail to admire, is a magnificent service of porcelain, of singular beauty, elegance of shape and finish, and remarkable for the artistic richness of its paintings. But the way in which the baron became possessed of it is worth relating.

One day an old man, careworn, wrinkled, feeble, and apparently tottering on the verge of the grave, presented himself before M. de Rothschild, soliciting the honor of an interview with the famous banker. The aged visitor took from his bag a rich and beautiful plate, so splendidly wrought that the baron admired it exceedingly, and became greatly delighted with it.

"Sir," said the patriarch, "will you buy this of me? I have a whole set, and it has struck me that a service so beautiful cannot find a more fitting place than in the mansion of the prince of financiers."

"It is indeed very fine," said the baron. "How much do you want for the service?"

"Look you, sir," said the old man—"I am bowed down with many years, and have not long to live. I am poor, and wish to end my days in comparative comfort. Will, you in exchange for this valuable set of porcelain, give me an income for life of 100 francs a month?"

The baron looked at the poor man, examined the plate again, and said:

"Well, be it so; here is the first payment. Send me the service, and give me your name."

The splendid set of porcelain was delivered the same day to the baron, and a month afterward while he was seated in his counting house, a man entered and asked for the second payment of the promised income. But the man was young, scarcely 30 years of age, of a vigorous constitution and great muscular development, and looked as if he would live for a hundred years.

"But you are not the man!" exclaimed the astonished banker.

"Excuse me, baron," said he, "I am indeed the man."

"But you appeared at least 80 years old," said the baron.

"I have wonderfully recovered," observed the man, "thanks to your generosity."

The baron laughed heartily, and gave orders for the payment of the money, exclaiming:

"Ah, you are an excellent comedian, and have taken me in thoroughly."

"I am probably the first who has done so," replied the Jew, politely bowing to the millionaire.

THERE are some fond, foolish, trusting men who will read over a recipe for mince pie and then think they really know what it is made of.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 1888.

Christian Watchfulness.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 24 : 42-51. Memory verses, 42-44.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the King in Zion.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *But we behold him who hath been made a little lower than the angels, even Jesus, because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor.*—Heb. 2 : 9.

LESSON TOPIC: *A Message Enjoying Watchfulness.*

Lesson Outline:
1. The Obligation to Watchfulness, vs. 42-44.
2. The Rewards of Watchfulness, vs. 45-47.
3. The Perils of Heedlessness, vs. 48-51.

GOLDEN TEXT: *And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.*—Mark 13 : 37.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 24 : 42-51. Watchfulness enjoined.
T.—Matt. 24 : 1-22. Troublous times.
W.—Matt. 24 : 23-41. Vigilance essential.
T.—Mark 13 : 24-37. Reasons for watchfulness.
F.—Luke 21 : 25-38. Watch and pray.
S.—Matt. 26 : 36-46. Watchfulness neglected.
S.—1 Pet. 4 : 1-11. Watching against evil.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE OBLIGATION TO WATCHFULNESS.

I. The Coming Lord:
Your Lord cometh (42).
I come again, and will receive you (John 14 : 3).
This Jesus....shall so come in like manner (Acts 1 : 11).
He that cometh shall come, and shall not tarry (Heb. 10 : 37).
Yea : I come quickly (Rev. 22 : 20).

II. The Unknown Hour:
If the master....had known,....he would have watched (43).
The Lord so cometh as a thief in the night (1 Thess. 5 : 2).
The day of the Lord will come as a thief (2 Pet. 3 : 10).
Thou shalt not know what hour I will come (Rev. 3 : 3).
Behold, I come as a thief (Rev. 16 : 15).

III. The Needful Watching:
Be ye also ready (44).
Watch therefore (Matt. 25 : 13).
It is high time for you to awake out of sleep (Rom. 13 : 11).
Let us watch and be sober (Thess. 5 : 6).
Be watchful (1 Pet. 5 : 8).

1. "Watch therefore: for ye know not on what day your Lord cometh." (1) The Lord cometh; (2) None knows when; (3) All should watch.
2. "He would have watched." (1) A disposition to watchfulness; (2) A neglect of watchfulness.—(1) Its need recognized; (2) Its observance neglected.
3. "Be ye also ready." (1) The nature of readiness; (2) The need of readiness; (3) The rewards of readiness.

II. THE REWARDS OF WATCHFULNESS.

I. Commendation:
The faithful and wise servant (45).
Well done, good and faithful servant (Matt. 25 : 21).
Ye blessed of my Father (Matt. 25 : 34).
I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat (Matt. 25 : 35).
I have called you friends (John 15 : 15).

II. Blessedness:
Blessed is that servant (46).
Blessed is the man,....watching daily at my gates (Prov. 8 : 34).
He shall have abundance (Matt. 25 : 29).
Inherit the kingdom prepared for you (Matt. 25 : 34).
Blessed is he that watcheth (Rev. 16 : 15).

III. Exaltation:
He will set him over all that he hath (47).
Them that honor me I will honor (1 Sam. 2 : 30).
I will set thee over many things (Matt. 25 : 21).
If any man serve me, him will the Father honor (John 12 : 26).
Where I am, there ye may be also (John 14 : 3).

1. "That faithful and wise servant." (1) Faithful; (2) Wise; (3) Honored.—The way to advancement (1) Faithfulness; (2) Wisdom.
2. "Blessed is that servant." (1) In his personal character; (2) In his official standing; (3) In his prospective honors.
3. "He will set him over all that he hath." (1) Recognized ability; (2) Enlarged usefulness; (3) Deserved honor.

II. THE PERILS OF HEEDLESSNESS.

I. Heedlessness:
Shall say,....My Lord tarrieth; and shall begin to beat (48, 49).
Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord (2 Kings 10 : 31).
My people doth not consider (Isa. 1 : 3).
As a horse that rusheth headlong in the battle (Jer. 8 : 6).
They made light of it (Matt. 22 : 5).

II. Surprise:
Shall come in a day when he expecteth not (50).
Trembling hath surprised the godless ones (Isa. 33 : 14).
How is....the praise of the whole earth surprised (Jer. 51 : 41).
At midnight there is a cry (Matt. 25 : 6).
In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye (1 Cor. 15 : 52).

III. Destruction:
Cut him asunder, and appoint his portion (51).
The way of the wicked shall perish (Psa. 1 : 6).
He....shall suddenly be broken (Prov. 29 : 1).
The chaff he will burn up with unquenchable fire (Matt. 3 : 12).
These shall go away into eternal punishment (Matt. 25 : 46).

1. "But if that evil servant shall say in his heart." (1) Evil nature; (2) Evil surmisings; (3) Evil deeds.—(1) An evil heart; (2) An evil thought; (3) An evil man.
2. "Shall cut him asunder." (1) Crime detected; (2) Opportunity ended; (3) Penalty enforced.
3. "The weeping and gnashing of teeth." (1) The weeping of remorse; (2) The gnashing of despair.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

WATCHFULNESS.

A universal duty (Mark 13 : 37).
A constant duty (2 Tim. 4 : 5).
Against Satan (Eph. 6 : 11).
Against temptations (Matt. 26 : 41, f. c.).
Because of uncertainties (Mark 13 : 33-36).
Because of personal weakness (Matt. 26 : 41, l. c.).
To attain a proper walk (Eph. 5 : 15, 16; 1 Thess. 5 : 6).
To attain steadfastness (1 Cor. 16 : 13).
Blended with prayer (Matt. 26 : 41, f. c.; 1 Pet. 4 : 7).
Its observers blessed (Luke 12 : 37).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

After the denunciations of the scribes and Pharisees came, in striking contrast, another incident, narrated only by Mark (Mark 12 : 41-44) and Luke (Luke 21 : 1-4), the praise bestowed on one poor widow who cast her mite into the treasury. Most harmonists think this was followed by events and sayings recorded in John 12 : 20-50, since that passage implies that our Lord thus closed his public teachings. Certain Greeks desired to see him; his answer is then given, to which the evangelist adds some reflections of his own, before recording the final public utterance of our Lord.

The present lesson is taken from the great discourse (Matt. 24 and 25) respecting the destruction of Jerusalem and the second coming of our Lord. It was occasioned by a prediction of the total destruction of the temple (Matt. 24 : 1, 2), called forth directly by questions as to time, etc. (Matt. 24 : 3).

The place was the mount of Olives, east of the temple, probably in view of it. The time was Tuesday evening, the 12th of Nisan (or beginning of the 13th, according to Jewish reckoning), April 4, year of Rome 783.—A. D. 30.

The persons present were the "four fishermen" (Mark 13 : 3). The earlier part of the discourse refers to the destruction of Jerusalem; the central part to the "coming," and the latter part to "the end of the world." Where the division between these sections takes place is disputed; but the general movement from one topic to the other is indicated by the context in Matthew.

Parallel passages: Mark 13 : 33-37; Luke 21 : 34-36.

The Ginger Vice.

Few people are aware of the effect of a peculiar kind of dissipation known as ginger drinking. The article used is the essence of ginger, such as is put up in the several proprietary preparations known to the trade, or the alcoholic extract ordinarily sold over the druggist's counter. Having once acquired a liking for it, the victim becomes as much a slave to his appetite as the opium eater or the votary of cocaine. In its effect it is much the most injurious of all such practices, for in the course of time it destroys the coating of the stomach and dooms its victim to a slow and agonizing death. The druggist who told me about the thing says that as ginger essence contains about 100 per cent. alcohol, and whisky less than 50 per cent., the former is therefore twice as intoxicating. In fact, this is the reason why it is used by hardened old topers whose stomachs are no longer capable of intoxicating stimulation from whisky. They need the more powerful agency of the pure alcohol in the ginger extract.

He told me he had two regular customers, a woman, who had contracted the habit through employing the ginger on several occasions for stomachic pains. The relief it afforded her was so grateful that she took to it upon any recurrence of her trouble. She found, too, that the slight exhilaration of the alcohol banished mental depression. In this way she got to using it regularly, and finally to such excess that she was often grossly intoxicated. Large doses produce a quiet stupor; additional doses produce a profound lethargic slumber, which lasts in some cases for twenty-four hours. His other customer was a peddler, who came at a certain hour every morning, brought a four ounce bottle, and drank its contents by noon. The man craved the stuff so ardently that he was unable to go about his business until he had set the machinery of his stomach in operation, and started the circulation of the blood by means of the fiery draught. He says that the habit is well known to the drug trade.

He Started.

A rag-peddler, who was driving up Gratiot avenue recently, had reached Hastings street when his horse balked. The usual number of smart Alecks were soon on hand with their advice, and one suggestion after another was tried in vain. The horse could neither be pulled nor pushed, and as he was blockading traffic, the crowd began to grow very rapidly.

"What is it?" inquired a boy of twelve, who pushed his way into the circle.

"Balky horse," answered some one.

"Where's the owner? Here, you man, can't you start this horse?"

"No, he doan' start oop."

"Wait a minute."

The lad ran up the street half a block and pulled a handful of hay out of a bale at a feed store, and when he returned he cleared a space in front of the horse, stood off about five feet, and extended his hand. The horse pricked up his ears, his eyes glistened and he at once advanced and followed the boy around the corner.

"It's according to the hoss," explained the boy as the crowd cheered. "When a hay-fed hoss balks he wants fire-crackers under him; when a hoss who is fed on scrap-iron and gravel-roof balks, a pinch of hay will lead him all over town."

The Funeral Month of March.

An observant metropolitan barber says that he can tell one's physical condition by the state of the hair!

The Bible tells us that with his hair gone Samson lost his strength. The Romans considered baldness a serious affliction and Julius Cæsar was never quite satisfied with himself because his poll was bare.

The face, however, is the open book and one can readily trace in its various expressions, lines, changes and complexion the state of the system.

The eye that is unusually bright and yet has a pallid brightness, the face upon whose cheeks nature paints a rose of singular beauty and flush, more marked in contrast with the alabaster appearance of the forehead and nose and lower part of the face, is one of those whom the skilled physican will tell you will some day dread the funeral month of March, because it is then that consumption reaps its richest harvest. Consumption they tell us is caused by this that and the other thing, by microbes in the air, by micro-organisms in the blood, by deficient nutrition, by a thousand and one things, but whatever the cause, decay begins with a cough and the remedy that will effectually stop the cause of that cough cures the disease of the lungs.

That is all there is of it.

The cough is an evidence of a wasting. To stop it effectually, a remedy must be used that will search out the cause, remove that and then heal the lung and do away with the cough. This is the power, special to itself, possessed alone by Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy. This is no new-fangled notion of narcotics and poisons, but an old-fashioned preparation of balsams, roots and herbs, such as was used by our ancestors many years ago, the formula of which has been secured exclusively by the present manufacturers at great trouble and expense. It is not a mere cold dryer. It is a system-searcher and upbuilder and a consumption expellant. Where others fail, it wins, because it gets at the constitutional cause and removes it from the system.

J. W. Hensaw of Greensboro, Pa., on Jan. 15, 1888, reported that "he had derived more real benefit for the length of time, from Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy than he had for years from the best state physicians."

If you have a cough, night sweats, "positive assurance in your own mind that you, oh—you, have no consumption," and yet lose flesh, appetite, courage, as your lungs waste away, you may know that soon the funeral month of March will claim you, unless promptly and faithfully you use the article named. If other remedies have failed try this one thoroughly. If others are offered, insist the more on trying this unequaled preparation.

Some persons are prone to consumption and they should never allow the disease to become seated.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE SPARROWS.—The sparrow is not guilty of half the depredations that are laid to him. They come to the very thresholds of your dwellings to pick up insects and vermin. They destroy enough weevil and worms to more than compensate for the grain they eat. Insects in new forms are constantly appearing in our gardens and orchards, and to pester our stock. Let us be cautions that we are not destroying a valuable assistant in this war upon the sparrow. Such mistakes have been made from the days witches were hung to appease popular clamor.

A few years ago the writer built a large bird house which has been occupied every summer by blue birds, martins and sparrows, dwelling together in peace and harmony, setting a good Christian example for the whole neighborhood. I have a large gourd shell with holes in the sides, prepared for a home for sparrows, and I shall watch their habits with interest, believing them to be a useful bird, having their place in the laws of nature, which are the laws of God.

THE cabbage requires a deep, rich soil, and thorough working. For early use the plant should be started in a hot bed or cold frame; but seed for winter cabbage should be sown in a seed bed early in the spring. Some of the large late varieties seem to do best if the seed is sown in the hills where they are to remain, and in that case sow two or three seeds where each plant is desired and then pull up all but the strongest. Plant the large varieties three feet apart; the small, early sorts, from a foot to 18 inches. The Savoys have wrinkled leaves and are of fine flavor, especially after a little frost has touched them in autumn. Some gardeners grow plants for early summer cabbage in a frame in autumn, protecting them with boards or matting during winter.

THE carrot should always be furnished a good, deep, rich soil. Sow in drills about a foot apart; and at thinning, the plants should be left from four to 10 inches apart, according to kind. The short kinds are finest grained, best adapted for table use, can be had very early, and may be allowed to grow very thickly upon the ground. The large sorts are admirable for all kinds of stock, and nothing is more relished by horses in winter, and nothing is more healthful for them. Some prefer the short kinds, even for stock, as they are so easily gathered, and give a good crop.

THE cauliflower delights in a rich soil and abundance of water. By sowing the early varieties in the spring, in a hot-bed or cold-frame, or even in an open border, they can be obtained in pretty good season. For late cauliflower, sow seed in a cool, moist place, on the north side of a building or tight fence, about the 1st of May.

IF the grape vines have not been trimmed there is but little time for so doing. To postpone such work will be to injure the vines. It should be done during cold weather, before the sap begins to rise, or the vines will "bleed," and a failure to bear will result.

FARM NOTES.

LENGTH TO CUT CORN FODDER.—Numbered with interesting experiments reported upon by Professor Shelton, of the Kansas Agricultural college, is the one relating to the proper length to cut corn fodder. According to the professor's report the finely cut fodder was much less attractive and palatable to the animals than when cut into coarser lengths, and the uneaten portions, the "waste," were greatly increased by the excessive reduction.

A number of the cows were fed for one week upon corn fodder reduced to quarter inch lengths, the week following the same corn fodder cut into inch lengths, and the week following they were furnished fodder cut into two-inch lengths. Care was taken that each animal received just about what previous experience had shown it would "eat up clean." The cows were fed night and morning as usual, but before feeding the next day the residue in the mangers was carefully weighed. The result of these trials is shown in tabular form as follows:

	Feed.	Waste.	Per Cent.
Length of Cut.	lbs.	lbs.	waste.
One-fourth inch.	480	225	53
One inch.	440	159	36
Two inches.	480	115	24

Professor Shelton offers the following explanation of the above results: "As ordinarily prepared, the blades of the corn plant are the only part having nutritive value. The stalk portion and the husks are, for the most part, indigestible, tasteless, woody fibre. When fodder is cut into very short lengths, these dissimilar partys are inextricably intermixed; the animal is unable to extricate them, and in rejecting the worthless portion, is forced to discard much that is valuable; hence, the greatly increased 'waste' when the shorter lengths were used. The additional advantage in the use of the longer lengths in the great saving of power required to cut a given weight of fodder is a very considerable item, not likely to be lost sight of."

A FEW pot herbs and sweet herbs should have a place in every vegetable garden. Every cook and every good housekeeper knows the value of the little patch of herbs upon which she makes daily drafts in the summer and which furnishes such a nice collection of dried herbs for winter seasoning, without which the Thanksgiven turkey would be scarcely worth the having; while as domestic medicines several kinds are held in high repute. A very small space in the garden gives all the herbs needed in any family. The culture is very simple; and the best way is to make a little seed-bed in the early, springs, and set the plants out in a bed as soon as large enough. As a general rule it is best to cut herbs when in flower, tie them up in small bunches and hang in the shade to dry.

Do not omit the warm water for cows because of moderation in the weather. So long as the water shall be cold, and the weather changeable, it should be slightly warm, and the average yield of milk will be thus maintained.

The Five Sisters.

There were five fair sisters, and each had an aim—
Flora would fain be a fashionable dame;
Scholarly Susan's selection was books;
Coquettish Cora cared more for good looks;
Anna, ambitious, aspired after wealth:
Sensible Sarah sought first for good health.

So she took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and grew healthy and blooming. Cora's beauty quickly faded; Susan's eyesight failed from over-study; Flora became nervous and fretful in striving after fashion, and a sickly family kept Anna's husband poor. But sensible Sarah grew daily more healthy, charming and intelligent, and she married rich.

As a general thing air heated by steam is more wholesome than that warmed by a furnace.

Bartholdi's Great Work.

The statue of Liberty enlightening the world, which stands on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York, is one of the most sublime artistic conceptions of modern times. The torch of the goddess lights the nations of the earth to peace, prosperity and progress, through Liberty. But "liberty" is an empty word to the thousands of poor women enslaved by physical ailments a hundredfold more tyrannical than any Nero. To such sufferers Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds forth the promise of a speedy cure. It is a specific in all those derangements, irregularities and weaknesses which make life a burden to so many women. The only medicine sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee printed on wrapper enclosing bottle.

"Where the sun does not enter the doctor does" is an Italian proverb which is true the world over.

The three R's brought Regret, Reproach and Remorse to a great political party in 1884. The three P's, when signifying Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets, bring Peace to the mind, Preservation and Perfection of health to the body.

Pretty mottoes for pillow shams are the German words, "Guten Morgen," or "Gute Nacht." For the former there should be a design of morning glories, and for the latter poppies.

The Melbourne International Exhibition.

Australia celebrates the centenary of her settlement by a grand International Exhibition at Melbourne, commencing August 1st next, and continuing for six months. Congress has appropriated $50,000, will appoint commissioners to represent the United States, and it is hoped that very many private firms will make exhibits. The government of Victoria controls the exhibition and gives space and steam for motive power free. The exhibition building and annexes will cover twenty-four acres of ground, and the display, both local and from foreign countries, will be the largest ever seen in the southern hemisphere. Goods for exhibition are admitted duty free. Australia is a rich and growing country. American goods sell well there, and the comparative nearness of Australia to America should inspire our business men to control her markets. Mr. John M. Ives, who for the past three years has been in the antipodes as manager for the well known Safe Cure House of H. H. Warner & Co., has just returned with letters from the chief secretary and commissioners; also blank applications for space, which he will be pleased to send free on application to him at Rochester, N. Y. Applications should be made at once, as goods must be in position not later than July first next.

NERVES! NERVES!!

What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous.
Headache, Neuralgia,
Indigestion, Sleeplessness,
Nervous Prostration,
All stare them in the face. Yet all these nervous troubles can be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also contains the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve troubles.

It is a Nerve Tonic, an Alterative, a Laxative, and a Diuretic. That is why it

CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

$1.00 a Bottle. Send for full particulars.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
BURLINGTON, VT.

WELLS' HAIR BALSAM restores Gray Hair to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No grease nor oil. A Tonic Restorative. Prevents hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses and heals scalp.

50c. Druggists

R. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

ROUGH ON CATARRH Only absolute, complete cure worst chronic cases. Unequaled for Catarrhal throat affections, foul breath, offensive odors, sore throat, diphtheria, cold in the head. Ask for "ROUGH ON CATARRH." 50c. Drug. R. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

LOOK YOUNG as long as you can, prevent tendency to wrinkles or ageing of the skin by using **LEAURELLE OIL** Removes and prevents Wrinkles, and roughness of Flesh or skin; preserves a youthful, plump, fresh condition of the features; removes pimples, clears the complexion, the only substance known that will arrest and prevent tendency to wrinkles $1. Druggists or Exp.

R. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

DR. KILMER'S
Female Remedy.

A GREAT BLESSING TO WOMEN.

Read Symptoms and Conditions this Specific will Relieve and Cure.

If You have nervous or sick headache, stomachache, backache, spinesache, bloating internal heat or scalding urine,
If You have chronic weakness, bearing down or perversions incident to life-change,
If You have uterine catarrh, suppressed or painful periods, or ovarian dropsy,
If You have suspicious growths, diposed to humor or cancer, or hemorrhage,
It Builds up quickly a run-down constitution and brings refreshing sleep.
It Will dispel those dull tired looks and feelings, and bring back youthful bloom and beauty—restores the nervous system.
Mothers Give it to your weak and delicate daughters. Not a vestige of impure Blood can escape its blood and purifying influence.
If You value good health, and hope for long life, use "Female Remedy."
See Symptoms continued with certificates of cures in "Guide to Health," free. Also advice free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N.Y. Druggists $1

WIFE—Now this is the third time I have caught you in the kitchen talking to the cook.

Husband—Yes, I—I believe it is.

Wife—Well, the very next time I catch you talking to the cook I'll discharge her—and do the cooking myself!

That cured him.

READ THIS, NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

Do Not Fail to Heed the Warning.

Have you dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver disease? Every hour you neglect them may take years from your life.

Have you nervousness, weakness, nervous debility, sleeplessness and exhaustion? Every beat of your heart is but a funeral march towards your grave,

Have you neuralgia, rheumatism, epilepsy, palpitation, the tobacco or morphine habit? Any one of these is liable at any moment to take your heart in its deadly grasp.

Have you headache, loss of memory, numbness, trembling, prickly sensation, cold feet or weariness of the limbs? The sword of Damocles is suspended above you, for just so sure as you neglect the symptoms, just so sure will paralysis, insanity, prostration or death follow.

Save yourselves from these alarming results while there is yet time by the use of that most wonderful discovery for the nerves, Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is a perfect and complete cure for all the above diseases. Pronounced the greatest medical discovery of the century.

It will take away your nervousness and make your nerves strong and steady. If you are weak, tired and exhausted, it will make you strong and vigorous. It will cure your indigestion and dyspepsia, give you an appetite, regulate your bowels, kidneys and liver. It will give you natural and refreshing sleep, stop all palpitation of the heart, trembling, numbness, headache and neuralgic pains. It is a perfect specific for nervous debility and exhausted nervous vitality. It is the best spring tonic, invigorator and restorative in existence, for it makes the weak strong, invigorates the tired and overworked brain, nerves the weary limbs, and restores health, strength and vitality.

Do not fail to use this wonderful remedy, and you are sure of a cure. For sale by all druggists at $1 per bottle. If your druggist does not have it, he will get it for you. Insist upon having Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic. Its discoverer, Dr. Greene, is the great specialist in nervous diseases, of 35 West 14th St., New York, who can be consulted free of charge, personally or by letter.

A strong tea of common hay will preserve the color of French linen.

Bathrooms should not open into sleeping apartments.

IT IS HUMAN NATURE.—"I'd like to know," he began, as he entered police headquarters yesterday, "if we have a police force?"

"We have," replied the sergeant.

"Then I want it to protect me! I am a tax-payer."

"You shall be protected, sir. What is the case?"

"Why, I got some paint on my overcoat, last night and my wife sponged it off with benzine and left it out of doors to air. It's gone! Yes, sir, gone!"

"Well, we'll try and find it for you."

The wrathy man had scarcely departed when a second stranger entered and demanded to know:

"Have we a police or have we not?"

"We have," replied the sergeant.

Well, here's an overcoat I found in the yard this morning, where some burglar had probably left it. Just smell the chloroform will you?"

A messenger was sent to overtake the first man and he returned and identified the coat, which had blown over the fence.

"Yes, sir, it's mine," he said, as he started off, "and I hope the police will be more vigilant in the future."

"And it was my yard, sir," said number two as he went out, "and if any more burglars come around, you police will hear from me."

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00. *Trial size free.* At all Druggists.

CHAFFED THE WRONG MAN.—A citizen who had just laid down $900 for a span of carriage horses was driving out Woodward avenue the other day when he met a farmer coming in with a load of apples. Desiring to chaff the stranger a bit he drew up and inquired:

"Say, how'll you trade teams?"

The farmer halted, got down from his vehicle, looked the team over and slowly replied:

"Waal, by gosh!"

"What's the matter?"

"If you hadn't stopped me I wouldn't have knowed the team."

"Did you ever see these horses before?"

"Did I? Why I raised 'em! Sold 'em both to a horse trader in town three weeks ago. That nigh one has the heaves, and the other is a cribber and has two spavins. I'll trade with you for $75, and that's allowing $25 apiece more on your horses than I got."

The owner of the "spankers" hasn't seen a peaceful hour since that meeting.

A GROWING CITY.—They were twenty miles from the Missouri River, bound east.

"Conductor," said a passenger, "when do we reach Kansas City?"

"We're there now."

"There now? Why, there isn't a house in sight!"

"No houses, no. But look at the building lots! The prairies are full of 'em."

CITIZEN (to coal-dealer)—Say I want a ton of coal.

Coal-dealer—All right. Shall I send it up right away?

Citizen—O, no. If it's anything like the last I'll just call for it on my way home and carry it up in my overcoat pocket.

ALL THE MORE.—Wife (pleadingly) I'm afraid, George, you do not love me as well as you used to.

Husband—Why?

Wife—Because you always let me get up to light the fire.

Husband—Nonsense, my love. Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more.

COLONEL YERGER—Did you get me that reserved seat at the box office as I told you?

Sam Johnsing—No, boss, I dun forgot hit.

"Well, for asinine stupidity you take the cake. Why, Sam, if you were ten times as smart as you are stupid you would still be ten times as stupid as an ordinary donkey."

TRAMP (to partner)—"Did the old man give up anythin', Bill?"

Partner—"Naw!"

Tramp—"What did you say to him?"

Partner—"I asked him if he couldn't help a poor man who was out o' work, and he said he could give me some work. Times seems to be gettin' wuss every day."

A STRANGE THING.—Jones—Strange thing, Mirandy; every time you draw a breath somebody dies.

Mrs. Jones—Well, I ain't going to stop breathing on that account.

Frazer Axle Grease.

Don't work your horses to death with poor axle grease; the Frazer is the only reliable make. Use it once, and you will have no other.

Once a year even the most frugal housewife should replenish her linen closet, adding at least the furnishing of one bed and a dozen towels.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

The surest test of a frozen orange is its weight. If it is heavy in the hand it has not been frozen.

Nothing Cures Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Diabetes, Urinary, Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c., like Cann's Kidney Cure. Office, 831 Arch St., Phila. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5. At Druggists. Cures the worst cases. Cure guaranteed. Try it.

Do not be so painfully orderly as to make the family whish to escape from the house for a little freedom.

A fair trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum, or any affection caused by impure blood, or low state of the system, will be sufficient to convince any one of the superior and peculiar curative powers of this medicine. Buy it of your druggist. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Clothes-pins should be kept clean and dry.

I Bring You Sweet Flowers and Good Medicine:—

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Spring Medicine

Nearly everybody needs a reliable spring medicine to expel the impurities which have accumulated in the blood during the winter, to keep up strength as the warm weather comes on, create an appetite and promote healthy digestion. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most popular and successful Spring Medicine. Try it this spring and you will be convinced of its peculiar merit.

"For five years I was sick every spring, but last year took Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not seen a sick day since." G. W. SLOAN, Milton, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"For a first-class spring medicine my wife and I both think very highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla. We both took it last spring. It did us a great deal of good and we felt better through the hot weather than ever before. It cured my wife of sick headache, from which she has suffered a great deal, and relieved me of a dizzy, tired feeling. I think every one ought to take something to purify the blood before the hot weather comes on, and we shall certainly take Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring." J. H. PEARCE, Supt. Granite Railway Co., Concord, N. H.

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A WET HEN

The man who has invested from three to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first half hour's experience in a storm finds to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mosquito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like

ASK for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

We offer the man who wants service (not style) a garment that will keep him dry in the hardest storm. It is called TOWER'S FISH BRAND "SLICKER," a name familiar to every Cow-boy all over the land. With them the only perfect Wind and Waterproof Coat is "Tower's Fish Brand Slicker," and take no other. If your storekeeper

---

A FORTUNE HUNTER'S BAD BREAK. Sweet Girl—Isn't Mr. Fortunehunter splendid? He's been such a traveler.

Rich Widow—Splendid, indeed! He's the most unmannerly man I ever met.

"Unmannerly?"

"He's positively insulting. I never want to speak to him again."

"Oh, I'm sure there's some mistake. What did he say."

"He asked me if I'd ever heard Jenny Lind."

WHAT HE HAD.—There had been some illness in a family, and an inquisitive neighbor asked Johnny, the youngest son of the family, who had been sick and he answered:

"Oh, it's my brother; that's all."

"What's the matter with him'"

"Nuffin, only he's just sick."

"I know; but what ailed him?"

"Oh, I dunno.'

"What did he have?"

"He had the doctor."

STRANGER (to boy)—Boy, can you direct me to the nearest bank?

Boy—I kin for twenty fi' cents,

Stranger—Twenty-five cents! Isn't that high pay?

Boy—Yes, sir, but it's bank directors what gits high pay.

$10 REAL VALUE FREE!

Our new stamping outfit is free to every reader of this publication; it contains 100 perforated stamping patterns and includes a great variety of all sizes that are wanted. This outfit is a real work of art; no stamping outfit has ever been offered heretofore, on which anything like so much artistic ability was brought to bear. With each outfit is A BOX OF BEST STAMPING POWDER, PAD, AND BOOK of INSTRUCTIONS, giving full directions for stamping, how to make the powder and stamping paint, contains instructions for **Lustre, Kensington** and **Hand painting**, tells colors to use in pale, medium, dark, yellow, pink and blue, also contains hints and instructions on other matters, too numerous to mention. Bought singly, or a few patterns at a time, at usual prices, the equal of the above would cost $10. Although it is free, yet this is the **Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits** and on every hand is acknowledged to be superior, yet, very much superior, and very much more desirable than those which have been selling for $1 each and upwards. By having 200,000 of these outfits made for us, during the dull season, we get them at first cost; the manufacturer was glad to take the order, at cost, that his help might be kept at work. All may depend that it is the very best, most artistic and in every way desirable outfit ever put before the public. Farm and Housekeeper (monthly, 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year) is generally acknowledged to be the best general agricultural, housekeeping and family journal in America; it is entertaining and of great interest, as well as useful; its contributors embrace the widest range of brilliant talent. Furthermore, we have lately become managing owners of that grand monthly, **Sunshine, for youth; also, for those of all ages whose hearts are not withered;** 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year. Sunshine is known favorably as the best youth's monthly in America. The best writers for youth, in the world, are its regular contributors; it is now quoted all over the world as standing at the head. Both papers are splendidly illustrated by the best artists. We will take 200,000 **trial year** subscribers at a price which gives us but a moderate portion of the **cost.**

FREE! Furthermore, every trial year subscriber, for either of the papers will receive **free** by mail our new **200** pattern Stamping Outfit. Trial year subscriptions will be received for either of the papers as follows: 1 subscription and 1 outfit, **32** cents; 2 subscriptions and 2 outfits, if sent at one time, **55** cents; 4 subscriptions and 4 outfits, if sent at one time, **$1.** For $1 send a dollar bill, but for less, send **1-cent** postage stamps. Better at once get three friends to join you, at 25 cents each; you can do it in a few minutes and they will thank you; papers will be mailed regularly to their separate addresses. While **trial year subscribers are served for much less than cost,** it proves the rule that a very large proportion of all who read either paper for a year, want it thereafter, and are willing to pay the regular price of 75 cents a year; through this, as time rolls on, we reap a profit that satisfies us.

FREE! The trial year subscriptions are almost free, and this the **Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits**—the best ever known—is entirely free. It is the greatest and best offer ever made to the public. Large sizes of patterns—every size that can be desired is included; all other outfits surpassed, by this, the best, the most artistic, the **Regal Queen.** Below we give a list of a few of the patterns; space is too valuable to admit of naming all: 1 Poppies for Scarf. 2 1-2 inch; 2 Tidy design, 2 1-2 inch; 3 Splendid Tinsel design, 8 inch; 4 Golden Rod, 4 inch; 5 Pond Lilies; 6 Pansies; 7 Moss Rose Buds; 8 Tube Roses; 9 Wheat; 10 Oak Leaves; 11 Maiden Hair Ferns; 12 Boy; 13 Girl's Head; 14 Bird; 15 Strawberries; 16 Owl; 17 Dog; 18 Butterfly; 19 Apple Blossoms; 20 Calla Lily; 21 Anchor; 22 Morning Glories; 23 Japanese Lilies; 24 Rabbit; 25 Bunch Forget-me-nots; 26 Fuchsias; 27 Bell Design; 28 Fan; 29 Clown's Head; 30 Cat's Head. 70 other splendid patterns are included in this **Regal Queen of Stamping outfits**—in all **100** patterns. Safe delivery guaranteed. Possessing this outfit any lady can, without expense, make home beautiful in many ways, can embroider childrens' and ladies' clothing in the most charming manner, and readily **make money** by doing stamping, Lustre, Kensington and Hand painting for others. A good stamping outfit is indispensable to every woman who cares to make home beautiful. This outfit contains patterns for each and every branch of needle work, flower painting, etc., and the **Book of Instructions** makes all clear and really easy. This outfit will do more for HOME and LADIES than many times the amount of a trial year subscription spent otherwise; no home should be with out it. The beautiful designs of this REGAL QUEEN of outfits ARE ALL THE RAGE wherever seen; when ever one or two reach a locality their fame spreads, and many TRIAL YEAR subscriptions usually follow. Many who have paid from $1 to $2 for outfits and were satisfied until they saw our designs, have secured our outfit and laid aside forever the others. Those who subscribe will find the papers well worth several times the trifling cost of a trial year subscription, and the majority will make up to us the loss, that this year we incur, through such a low price, by continuing subscribers, year after year, at the regular price, which all will be willing to admit is low enough. The money will gladly be refunded to any one who is not fully satisfied. Address,

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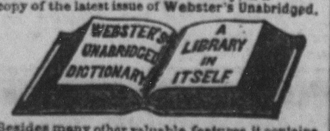
for the Family, the School, or the Professional or Public Library, is a copy of the latest issue of Webster's Unabridged.



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G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25cts. by mail. E. W. ROWELL & CO., Easthampton, Mass.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.
Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1888.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

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1, 3 & 5 New Church St., cor. Fulton St.
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Single Hats at Manufacturers' Prices.
Largest Assortment. Latest Styles.
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To take orders for enlarging SMALL PHOTOGRAPHS into
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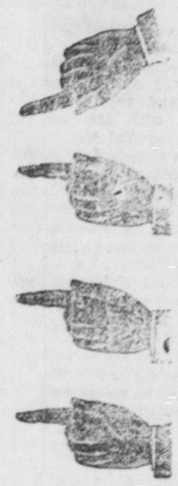

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